His Eyes

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His Eyes

by Gio_hannigram

Summary

A voice he did not know but remembered, a face, the face of a stranger yet it made him feel warm every time the dream ended, and each time he tried to make it out, to see him clear, inside the dream he didn´t get enough time to see clear, they were talking, gazing at the stars, when he turns to the man, his eyes are everything he sees, the color of warm amber, and then a last word, one with so much promise, for it is what it is, then usually he would forget what happens next or woke up.

It was frustrating to say the least

Notes

Maybe will make more sense if you first read
I´ll Expect You Again
http://archiveofourown.org/works/5353448

But I think you´ll understand without reading it too

Thank you for reading

It was a good night to look at the stars, Adam walked around the park over a little mountain in his new home, it was…different but was what he needed and this little part was making him fond of the place, with just a few street lights, the view to the stars is clear the deeper you walk. He didn´t bring his telescope, he just walked up at the top and stared up

Closing his eyes as the night air hit his face, he could almost hear the whisper of the man inside his dreams, a frown formed in his face

A current dream since he moved, he had have it before, but it got worst, every night after moving to his new house it haunted him.

A voice he did not know but remembered, a face, the face of a stranger yet it made him feel warm every time the dream ended, and each time he tried to make it out, to see him clear, inside the dream he didn´t get enough time to see clear, they were talking, gazing at the stars, when he turns to the man, his eyes are everything he sees, the color of warm amber, and then a last word, one with so much promise, for it is what it is, then usually he would forget what happens next or woke up.

The eyes, those eyes kept him distracted at all times, he has never seen them, he has never seen the man yet he dreams of him every night, it was frustrating to say the least and he couldn´t understand why, it felt like when he missed his routine, or have to eat something that was not mac and cheese, like something was missing and wrong

He hated it, he couldn´t understand why he always felt so upset, why his chest and throat felt tight, the feeling that took over his back, running and making feel uneasy

Blinking away staring at the bright of every star above, he took a deep breath

“Maybe we can stare at the same stars above us somewhere on the future”

The words made him shiver, was he staring at the same stars?

He had have other dreams with the same man, sometimes he saw him dressed as a knight, with full armor and a sword, those times he would wake up feeling desperate without knowing why, other times he´ll be dressed with normal clothes as anyone else, a t-shirt and pants, those times always made Adam terrified because most times he would have blood in his face and shirt, gazing at him while a bleeding body laid in front of them, once Adam had seen, what he assumed was his own hand full of blood, other times he would appear dressed in an elegant suit with short hair just sitting in front of him completely at peace

Whoever the man was had, by now, left Adam always feeling an ache in his chest that he couldn´t explain, a sense of missing something and he hated that feeling

The last time he felt that way was when Beth left

Shocking his head and starting his way back he thought about if he should do something about it, then again he didn´t know what was there to do

He didn´t know him, he never heard a name on his dreams

It was frustrating, almost as much as trying to understand sarcasm, there was no way to explain why someone he has never met appear on his dreams every night

He remembers getting more frustrated by trying to explain all of it to Harlan, the only thing the man had told him was "There´s people that believes that there´s life after death Adam, and sometimes people likes to believe that when you love someone deeply and your souls are mean for each other, you´ll find your way to one another in the next life. Of course that´s just stuff some people believe" and didn´t explain why souls could be mean for each other, or if just certain souls did that, which only made him confused, he usually did not believe on that kind of thing but…

"Would you like me to search for you in my other lives?"

How can you search for someone you don´t know?

Passing a hand over his face he stared up and give up on it, it was getting late anyway he needed to get out of the park and get in his way back home

He looked down too late to see the man at the entrance of the park

"What the fuck?!" The man almost fell completely down on top of him, his cigar falling to the ground, making Adam frown at the smell and as the man got his balance back, Adam stared at him from his position on the floor preoccupied

"I´m sorry" he uttered "I was distracted, I didn´t see you"

"I fucking realized that kid" he looked directly at Adam and Adam´s throat blocked, being so tight, he knew those eyes

"Well gorgeous are you fucking planning of staying there the whole night?" the man was holding a hand out to help him get up

"Sorry!" He had been told that staring was wrong but he couldn´t help it, he felt dazed and couldn´t believe it, but they looked exactly the same

He got up all the way without leaving the man´s eyes

"Something the matter gorgeous?"

"No" was all he could tell, all the imagines beginning to blur, he was definitely the man

"Did you hit your fucking head kid; do you remember your name?"

"My name is Adam" he blurted out

“You are fucking fine then?”

“Yes” he couldn´t understand why so many swears

“Have we meet before Adam, do I fucking own you something?” the man said letting go of his hand, Adam didn´t even realize he was still holding it

“Would you like me to search for you in my other lives?”

"Promise?"

"I will find you"

The words made an echo in his head, smiling up, Adam looked the man up and down, staring at his face, at his blonde-grey hair, big cheekbones and the eyes that had haunted him every night, of the color of old leather binding for a precious book, finally seeing them completely clear

“No, not anymore” The man stared at him confused

“What´s your name?”

The answer came as a confused whisper “Nigel” yes, he knew that voice

Adam hold his hand out and tried to give his best smile while trying to not show the feeling in his veins right now, he felt like bursting

“Nice to finally meet you Nigel”

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